

RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXV.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849.

NUMBER 16.

SILAS WRIGHT.



Silas Wright

It has been truly observed, that honor and fame are the legitimate reward of virtue and talent; and that beneficially placed within the reach of all, they appear like trophies, to be won and worn, by those who successfully contend against indolence and vice. An attestation of this truth will be found in our brief sketch of the late Silas Wright.

He was born at Amherst, Massachusetts, on the 24th of May, 1795. In 1815, he graduated at Middlebury college, Vermont. In 1819, he was licensed to practice law in the supreme court of the state of New-York. He then removed to Canton, St. Lawrence county, where he continued to reside until his death. At that time the village was new, and the business in the courts very limited and unprofitable. A client was almost as rare as snow in harvest, and the fees were not by any means of such a character as to cause the farmers to envy the lawyers. All his father was able to advance him, was \$200, one-half of which Silas expended in the purchase of a few books, while the other half was reserved to meet his more immediate necessities. "We can easily imagine," says the Democratic Review, "how forlorn must have been the

condition of young Wright, in this, the commencement of his professional career, without property, or any relations or friends near him, and surrounded by strangers, and when he saw that he must rely solely on his own efforts and merits to sustain himself. Yet we do not doubt, could the truth be known, that in this trying crisis, he found precious consolation in the conviction, that he must rise by the force of his abilities to distinction. It is this early suffering and training, that prepares men of great talents to make their way good up the steep and rugged ascents of fame."

Finding that his small means were rapidly wasting away, he accepted the office of village post-master, which brought him nearly *two dollars* per week. This small sum served to pay his board, and to "keep the wolf from the door," so that he took heart, seeing as it were a faint streak of the coming sunlight gradually breaking upon him.

Shortly afterwards, charmed by his winning manner, and social qualities, his fellow citizens elected him a militia officer; and it may be easily imagined from his well known disposition, that he was never asked "to resign."

In January, 1824, he took his seat in the state senate, and in 1827, he was elected to congress.— In 1829, while in the discharge of his duties at Washington, he received the appointment of comptroller of New York, which office he held for three years. In 1832 he was again elected to congress. In this year, owing to the election of Wm. L. Marcy, as governor, Mr. Wright was elected to succeed him in the senate. His term expired in March, 1837, but on the first term of the preceding February, he was re-elected for the constitutional period of six years.

After the close of the twenty-seventh congress, the forlorn young village post-master, who rejoiced at his two dollars per week became governor of the state of New-York.

On the 1st of January, 1847, he retired to private life, in the village of Canton, where he resided in his small wooden house, until the evening of the 27th of August, when he was suddenly called to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Now that he is gathered to his fathers, and the bitterness of party spirit is lost in the grave, all are willing to acknowledge his merits and patriotism. From his tomb fresh laurels will spring up, and mingle their odor with the evergreens of enduring fame.

TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

IRENE MERIDITH.

Or, the Adventures of a Gold Watch.

BY LUCY A. BROCKSBANK.

[Concluded.]

The breathless Bridget flew to the window just in time to catch a glimpse of the dusty stage-coach as it disappeared around the corner, and exclaimed with all the voice her bodice would allow.

"Lord!—miss, he has come! what shall I do? what must I say?"

"Pray compose yourself;—you must be calm, and dignified as I am now, or you will betray yourself;—a failure in this respect will be fatal to your prospect of a husband."

Biddy drew herself up, and put on a remarkably dignified countenance, indeed I do not think anything short, of electricity could have caused her to wink.

"Go—now," continued my mistress, "and take a seat in the parlor—it will be as well to take a book

in your hand—and be careful to sit in an easy and graceful attitude”—

"*Hattitude*—what's that?—dear me!—I shall forget one half and the other half I shall never remember at all, at all—I'll be frightened entirely—just."

The poor girl disappeared, leaving my mistress in an "agony" of merriment, at the bare contemplation of the scene to follow. The first burst of suppressed glee, had scarcely subsided e'er the discomfited, Biddy reappeared, panting for breath, and evidently relieved by the fact, that the new-comer had proved to be no other than aunt Polly—spinster, of Foggy-Hollow.

Now the appearance of this maiden aunt was not altogether unexpected, on the part of my mistress, as that lady had formally announced her intention, of presenting herself in person to bear away her "niece Irene," agreeable, or otherwise, on a visit to Foggy-Hollow. My mistress had read much and heard more of the "country," and had her aunt resided at Fairy-Dale, or Flowery-Valley, the prospect of an excursion thereto would have been viewed in a different light; provided, of course, that a few, "kindred spirits" were to meet her there. But, alas!—what could be expected of Foggy-Hollow. The name was sufficient to give one the vapors. Consequently this visit from aunt Polly, at any other time, would have been classed, under the head of "Melancholy Accidents," but under existing circumstances, it appeared only in the light of a *lesser evil*. Cousin Ben on the one hand, and aunt Polly on the other!—what was to be done?—of two evils it is natural to choose the least—consequently her resolution was quickly formed, and she was prepared to welcome her "dear aunt," with becoming affability.

Aunt Polly, as maiden aunts sometimes are, was a straight forward—matter-of-fact, sort of a body, speaking always as she meant and feeling all she expressed (an unfashionable trait, by the way,) and moreover, remarkable for her shrewdness and ready-wit.

One glance at the radiant maid, whom she found sitting in a "*hattitude*," with an enormous music book, *bottom upwards* in her plump, red hands was sufficient, combined with her previous knowledge of the parties concerned, to give her an insight into the true state of affairs.

She however betrayed none of her suspicions, either by word or gesture, but proceeded at once with the object of her visit. As she had imagined, she found her niece more than willing to return with her, notwithstanding the absence of her father, who had been called unexpectedly, to a distant town on business of importance; and for whom a hasty note was penned, to be given him on his return. The letter, which had been received, that morning announcing the immediate arrival of cousin Ben, was not submitted to the perusal of aunt Polly, for reasons best known, to herself.

As the stage-coach was to call at one, my mistress ordered an early dinner; and with more alacrity than she had believed herself capable of, made all necessary preparations for her long dreaded visit to Foggy-Hollow.

During the early part of the journey my mistress was on the alert to discover and admire the "beauties of nature," which she evidently expected to present themselves in some grand and imposing

feature, but alas! no "cloud-capt mountain," no lake with its flowery margin, no murmuring rivulet, or thundering waterfall, was destined to burst upon her eager sight. The waving grain, the sober woodland, the smooth green pastures, dotted here, and there with trees and grazing kine;—the modest meeting-house, with its glittering—waving vane, emblematical perchance of not a few who were wont to gather within its sacred walls; and the old school-house, with its innumerable hieroglyphics, and inscriptions in the unknown tongue, were all passed, one after the other, without eliciting any other emotion on the part of my mistress, than an unseasonable yawn, or an occasional enquiry as to the probable distance to Foggy-Hollow.

Just as the declining sun shed its mellow beams upon tree and spire, the lumbering vehicle turned abruptly into a green avenue shaded on either side by the Mountain Ash, and Horse Chestnut, leading to the gates of a sweet little Gothic Cottage, whose vine-clad trellise and rose-embowered portal, might have been mistaken for the entrance to Elysium.—Whatever *ennui* my mistress might have experienced during a tedious and monotonous journey, she manifested sufficient delight on her arrival at this romantic spot.

"Can *this* be Foggy-Hollow?" she exclaimed, "it has certainly more the appearance of Fairy-land, than I could have imagined from its dismal name. Now I have an idea of what is meant by 'nature's sweet adornings.'"

Aunt Polly, regardless of her raptures, led the way into the parlor, where one glance was sufficient to betray the hand of elegance and true refinement. Nothing superfluous—nothing wanting, for the union of comfort and beauty. The *fauteuil* and sofa invited repose;—the unstudied display of books, prints and paintings promised luxury to the mind, while fresh flowers in antique vases graced every nook and corner, yielding their odors to the wings of each sportive breeze.

Ever-blooming roses, peeped timidly in at the open window; while the bolder honeysuckle spread its leafy armor, as if in defiance to the intruding sunbeams.

Upon being shown to the apartment assigned exclusively to herself, my mistress must have been struck with its air of neatness, and elegance; so foreign to the aspect of her own private apartment at home. The curtains and counterpane might have vied with the snow wreath in whiteness, as well as the covering of the toilette, the purity of which was unsullied, save by a few stray petals that had fallen from a vase of roses that graced its centre.

The bright little mirror, was wreathed with a garland of box and amaranth, which twined gracefully with the curious carving of the antique frame. The only window which was shaded by rose colored curtains, overlooked the garden, where everything conspired to charm the eye accustomed only to city views. In the centre, a small fountain scattered its liquid gems upon the bright-eyed flowers that clustered around its limpid pool, while movable trellises, with their drapery of honeysuckle, ivy, and roses, formed itinerant bowers, at the termination of each gravel walk.

But the object that seemed more particularly to attract the attention of my mistress was a specimen neither rare, nor strange, being no other than the

form of a young man, who was reclining, apparently in the most comfortable position imaginable upon two chairs within the grape arbor, at the extremity of the main gravel walk.

His features were partially concealed by a volume in the contents of which he appeared to be deeply absorbed. So intent was my mistress upon scanning what was visible of his jetty moustache, and a profusion of close-curling locks of the same hue, that she perceived not the entrance of aunt Polly, until thus accosted;

"I hope you are pleased with the prospect, my dear?—this room is small, but I fancied you would prefer the garden, to a front view."

"Certainly, aunt—why did not you tell me, how delightful it is!—but who is that young gentleman I perceive, in the arbor?"

"Because I could not have made you believe that 'any good thing could come out of' Foggy-Hollow. That gentleman is *boarding* with us—at present.

"Indeed! I did not know that you kept boarders!"

"Nor do I, my dear, except in an extreme case like the present. Do you observe that little hill yonder? to the left of the cedar grove."

"Yes; aunt—but *who is he*?"

"A medical student and an invalid. We, will, on some of these fine mornings, take a walk to that hill, you can form no idea of the beauty of the scenery beyond it."

"But, aunt—where from?"

"From the *top*, child, to be sure."

"Oh! but the gentleman? aunt—I had reference to the gentleman—where is he from?"

From Dartmouth College, Hanover—I believe. You will be delighted with the prospect—just at the foot of the hill, is a small stream, or rivulet, the green banks of which are, shaded by willows, and bright with flowers; would you believe it? some of my sweetest varieties, I transplanted from that very spot and they thrive admirably, I assure you."

"What name? aunt."

"I have several kinds—the hearts-ease, the columbine—"

"The gentleman! aunt—the name of the gentleman?"

Here aunt Polly broke into a merry laugh, somewhat to the annoyance of my mistress, and playfully patting her cheek, said, "Beware! child—guard well your heart, always remembering that your hand is destined for your cousin Ben—under different circumstances, this interest in a strange gentleman, would be all very well—in a little 'flirt' like yourself, but, under the existing state of affairs, remember, I shall allow of no coquetting—but there is the tea-bell, a welcome summons, after our wearisome ride—is it not?" So saying, she led the way into the little "bow-room" as she called it, formed of glass and shaded by vines, which opened into the garden. Two canaries were singing, gaily, in their gilded prisons and a mocking-bird, caught up their strains and filled the air with his wild melody. But, my mistress heard them not, for at the foot of the table stood, the interesting stranger. "Now" thought she, "I shall learn his name," and so she might have done, had she been as attentive at his introduction as she had intended, but the truth was, she then, for the first time met the glances of two remarkable eyes, con-

sequently the name of their owner found no abiding place in her memory.

Twice, only, during the meal, did she venture to raise her eyes to his face; and strange to tell; they were each time destined to encounter the same bright glances as before. The consequence was she became exceedingly embarrassed, and was more than pleased when she became released from the presence of the mysterious boarder.

The following morning dawned in beauty, and my mistress, after a refreshing repose, arose, early and bright and merry as a lark, sallied forth to behold for once, the splendors of the rising sun. Her aunt had not yet arisen and she imagined herself quite a *heroine* in thus sacrificing her sweet morning dreams to so noble a purpose. She took a turn through the garden, which in its solitude and calm beauty, reminded her of what Eden must have been before the Fall. She sauntered along the gravel-walks, culling here a rose, and there a blue violet, scarce remembering that the meek-eyed blossom was a nursling from the banks of that remarkable stream, in whose praises, the good aunt had bestowed so much breath in vain.

On passing the grape arbor, she observed a book lying open, upon the rustic table, and like Eve of old, she was prompted by curiosity to glance at its contents. It proved to be a volume of poems, and the first lines that met her view, were marked with a pencil (which still lay by the book,) and were as follows,

"True love's the gift that God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven."

It is the sacred sympathy,
The silver cord—the silken tie
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind."

"Ah! is it so? who taught thee this interesting fact, young man?" said my mistress, as a cloud hovered for a moment upon her snowy brow. "Ah! here are fresh flowers!—the dew is on them still—he must have been here before me—but I wonder, what heart that 'silver cord' has bound to his own!—*love at first sight, perhaps—who knows?*" and the cloud passed from her brow, and a sweet smile sat upon her full, red lips. She was about to leave the arbor when she bethought herself to glance at the first blank leaf. "Ah!—his name is—'Benoni Wallace,' and no thanks to thee, good aunt." Observing a scrap of paper lying upon the table, she took up the pencil, and wrote the following couplet, and placed it beside the lines, already marked,

"Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the love of thy heart in flowers."

"I must be gone," she murmured, "it were no joke to be caught here, now." And she darted like a bird from the arbor, and disappeared through the ivy-twined gate, leading into the lawn, beyond the garden walls.

In a few moments she stood upon the top of that wonderful hill, spoken of, by aunt Polly, with her face turned to the East, where the bright brow of the day-king was just appearing above the horizon.

So enraptured was she with the scene before her, that she failed to observe the tall figure of a man, as it entered the cedar grove on her right, and followed on, in the little footpath, in the direction of the garden gate. It was no other than Benoni Wallace—the "boarder," who was just returning from his accustomed morning walk, upon the banks

of the stream, when he beheld the form of our heroine, upon the brow of the hill. If he had thought her lovely on the preceding evening, he must have thought her angelic as she then appeared with her head crowned with roses and violets, her long ringlets and snowy robe, waving in the wind.—Doubtless he did, for he watched her until she had concluded her heathen-like devotions, at the shrine of Aurora, and disappeared beyond the hill.

She tripped gaily onward towards the beautiful rivulet that wound its way around crag and cliff, intersecting the cedar grove—still murmuring and dancing onward, playfully coquetting with each drooping flower, that dared to rest its bright cheek upon its limpid bosom, till it disappeared in the thick shrubbery, that fringed its sloping borders.—Then seating herself upon a mossy stone beneath a spreading willow, whose drooping boughs swept the waters; she began plucking the flowers from her hair and throwing them, one by one, into the stream, watching with childlike pleasure their course, as they were drifted onward by the current.

"Well," said she, "if I had the remotest idea of becoming a *recluse*, this is just the spot I should select for my cell. And sooner than marry that detestable cousin Ben, I will make my exit from the stage of social life, and seek in solitude and seclusion, that peace not to be enjoyed in the land of 'forty-second cousins.' Yes;—I will construct me a snug little cottage—by twining these willow boughs closely together, and train this wild vine over the whole, to conceal it from the view of roving spirits—like aunt Polly and her dark-eyed boarder, for instance—but I wonder if he has yet visited the grape-arbor?—what will he think of the additional couplet?—I hope he will not guess its author!—but *if he should?*—I fear he might deem it bold and unmaidenly. I will return, immediately and remove it, besides it must be near the breakfast hour."

With light footsteps and a lighter heart, she sped like a fawn, up the hill and a few moments brought her to the garden gate. She cautiously entered and perceiving at a glance that no person was within, she darted to the table, for the purpose of recovering the paper, but it was no longer there! The book too, had disappeared and in its place lay her own handkerchief, which she had carelessly left behind her.

"Ah! this has betrayed me!" she exclaimed, snatching up the unlucky *mouchoir*, when to her surprise a bunch of flowers fell from its folds to her feet. It was a sprig of *heath*, *Peruvian heliotrope* and *pansy*, which were bound together by, a sprig of *myrtle*. Her face became tinged with an unnatural glow, as she read in the sweet language of Flora, the sentiment implied, viz:

"Fair enchantress, my lone heart, would be at ease if my solitude were blessed by thy society and our souls united by mutual love."

"He understands the language of flowers—and is amusing himself at my expense!" she exclaimed, as she threw the flowers again upon the ground.

"Not so—lady, you *wrong* the heart that dared to hope—" whispered a soft voice at her side. At this interesting moment, appeared aunt Polly, with the breakfast bell in her hand, but whether to the relief, or annoyance of my mistress, I am unable to say. But certain I am, that it was not the *tongue* of the bell that rang the merriest peal.

"Avast, there—runaways, this will never do. The breakfast is waiting—the toast spoiled and the coffee cold. To prevent all future disorder, I beg leave to say, protest, and affirm, that the hand of my coquettish niece is destined for and promised to her cousin Ben. Be, it known to whoever it may concern, that her father will not, to gratify any childish whim, break a solemn contract."

So saying, aunt Polly gave another flourish to the bell, and disappeared, leaving an indignant belle and a crest fallen beau behind her. During the harangue, the face of my mistress had assumed every variety of shade, from the deepest crimson, to marble white, while suppressed mirth and wounded pride, sparkled and flashed alternately in her downcast eyes.

The young man gazed thoughtfully upon her beautiful features, in which might be read each rising emotion of her soul and said,

"Before attempting an apology for my presumption, allow me to ask in all sincerity, if the statement to which I have just now listened, is correct?"

"No apology is required, sir. *It is true*, that the name of 'cousin Ben' has been breathed in connection with my own, until I *abhor* both *his* and *mine*: but it is equally true, that my hand remains at my own disposal."

"Then you *do not* love him?"

"*Love*—one whom I have not even seen since I was *so high*?—and whom I hope never again to behold, in the shape of a lover."

"Time may have wrought changes in him since you met, as it may do in you, before you meet again—you may yet learn to love him."

"Never!—I will never listen to the subject from his lips. I would sooner be changed into a 'pillar of salt' like Lot's wife, than to become the bride of cousin Ben."

"Is he *wealthy*?"

"I neither know, nor care—why do you ask?"

"If he had the means, he would doubtless purchase the beautiful statue to grace his studio."

"In that case, I believe my outraged spirit would return and haunt him in the guise of Poe's 'Raven,' taking the statue for a pedestal, in preference to the 'pallid bust of Pallas.'"

"But if your father should insist—or command you to give him your hand."

"He would have leisure to repent of his rashness."

"But, your father, doubtless, has good reasons for desiring such a union; It is *your* happiness, not *his own*, certainly that he consults."

"Of my father's good reasons, I know nothing and I *care* as little as I *know*. If I ever marry, it will be to one of *my own* choosing, and I *could* not love cousin Ben, if I would, and I *would* not, if I could. *My heart is my own*."

"Ah! *is it?*"

The low, thrilling tone in which this simple question was asked, caused her to raise her eyes to the speaker's face; and as they met his ardent, earnest gaze, the rosy tide rushed in a torrent to her neck and brow, and left a burning glow upon her cheek. Suddenly she bethought herself of the breakfast in waiting, and said, without raising her eyes,

"I fear, sir, I have been too free in expressing my feelings—forgetting for the moment, that I was addressing a *stranger*, who could not, possibly feel any interest in me, or my affairs."

"The 'stranger,' had as much to do with the dictation of that last speech, as your own heart, fair lady—*deny it, if you can.*"

Again their eyes met, but not another word was spoken. Together they entered the now deserted breakfast room, he with a thoughtful brow, and she with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks.

Several days passed away in the most agreeable manner imaginable, if I might judge from the bright faces and happy voices, of those around me. Aunt Polly was in high spirits, and appeared to have no further apprehension, with regard to the rights of cousin Ben—the weight of responsibility was off her mind—she had fore-armed her "boarder," against the wiles of her pretty niece, by giving him timely warning, as it was quite "proper" for her to do, and her conscience, was free from reproach. Consequently they were suffered to ramble together through, garden, field and forest, unaccompanied and unreprieved. Their glances, smiles and flowers, were exchanged without, note or comment, and the depredations upon the vocabulary of Flora, were truly alarming. The myrtle and the thornless rose, the mignonette and honeysuckle, were stripped of their "leafy honors," by the devoted "stranger," while the fair brow of my mistress, would appear, wreathed with the ivy, the Indian jasmine and the rose scented geranium.—But e'er long I was led to conjecture, that the vocabulary of Flora had failed, or that present resources were exhausted—for a readier method of communication was adopted—flowers were thrown aside and soft words, sighs and glances, took their place.

Now, I have no intention of repeating all I chanced to hear, indeed it would be of "no consequence" except to the parties concerned. Suffice it to say, that I trembled for the welfare, of cousin Ben—poor fellow!

Saturday morning at length arrived, when the appearance of Mr. Meridith was hourly expected to convey his daughter home.

"So we are to lose you to-day, niece," said aunt Polly, who entered the room with a basket of fresh flowers, to replenish the vases, "we shall miss, your gay voice, sadly, I fear, but I trust it will not be long before the visit is repeated. I love girlish voices, light hearts and happy faces—'tis strange young girls will marry and resign their freedom, at the altar!—do't you think so, Mr. Wallace?"

"Not at all—inadam. I wonder more that *you* were suffered to remain an advocate for single-blessedness."

"It is quite *proper* for those to marry, who are so fortunate as to find a suitable companion," replied aunt Polly, laughing, "but cousin Bens were not so *plentiful* when I was sixteen; by the way it will be as well for *him* to have an inkling of his lady-love's passion for flowers, before fixing upon his place of residence, for in truth I can barely find flowers sufficient to replenish my vases, of late.—In fact there are few remaining, save the *ice-plant* and *Indian pink*."

At these words, my mistress and the "boarder" exchanged glances. Could it be possible that aunt Polly, understood, the conversation, that had been passing between them?—if not, could her allusion to the ice-plant (coldness) and the Indian pink (Aversion) have been entirely accidental?

"I fancy the flowers of cousin Bens' garden, will be doomed to waste their sweetness on the

desert air, if they bloom for me alone," replied my mistress somewhat tartly.

"Nonsense! child;—were you to meet him in disguise, you would fall in love with him at first sight—and become his willing and happy bride, within two years, from the first meeting."

"Never—aunt, never!"

"Do not be *too positive*;—come now, I will lay a wager—whatever you like, that you will yet learn to love and eventually marry him."

"Agreed. I will lay my watch against your pet mocking-bird, that I shall *hate* cousin Ben, to my—*wedding day* and that will be a long way off I fancy, if he is to be my groom."

"Very well. You, Mr. Wallace, are witness to the wager?"

The gentleman bowed. At this moment the door opened and Mr. Meridith walked in apparently quite at home.

"I ask no pardon," said he, for I found it impossible to make any impression upon the bell, amid the din of ladies' voices."

Irene flew into his arms—and in punishment for "running away" he shook her white shoulders till the clustering curls buried her face and bosom in their shadows. Having released his daughter and resigned his "cane and beaver" to aunt Polly he suddenly espied Mr. Wallace, who as it was quite "proper" for a stranger to do, had fallen into the back ground.

"So, ho! *cousin Ben*?—you *here*?—pray sir, give an account of yourself," said he, stepping forward and giving the hand of the "boarder" a hearty shake.

"Indeed! Uncle—I have to apologise for my non-appearance at the time specified in my letter and I did intend to proceed directly to your residence, but as I must necessarily pass this way and not having seen aunt Polly, since I entered college I could not forbear giving her a call. And in consequence of a slight indisposition she prevailed upon me to remain for a few days, which have passed very pleasantly, I assure you, in company with my aunt, and *cousin Irene*—"

I heard no more, for my mistress glided like a shadow from the room and betook herself to her own chamber, where, (for what reason I could never conjecture,) she fastened the door and throwing herself into a chair, she broke into a long-continued laugh, which seemed to be re-echoed from the room below.

"Can it be possible?" she exclaimed "who would have thought it?—I imagined I was outwitting them all—and behold! the *fools-cap* was on my head all the while! How can I ever look him in the face after all that has passed? "pillar of salt!" "Poe's Raven!" dear! dear!—what a *fool* I have made of myself!—but there is no help for it and I have *lost my wager*."

So saying she drew me forth, with a sigh and said, "Come my little monitor, I will hear thee *once* again before we part—for part we must, at least, for a season." And she fixed her dewy eyes upon my face.

I know not how it was, but I felt rather joy than grief, at the prospect of remaining with aunt Polly, whom I had learned to love—in spite of the ill-odor attached to the name of "old maid." She always wore around her neck a small gold chain, to which was attached a locket that opened with a secret spring. I had sometimes seen her gaze with more

than ordinary interest upon a little miniature enclosed within it—and I felt certain that there was a history connected with its existence. But more of this, at a future time. I must acknowledge, that I felt, under the circumstances, rather disposed to make myself merry at the expense of my mistress, so instead of sighing a sad adieu as she would naturally expect me to do, I softly whispered in her attentive ear.

Out-wit-a-Yan-kee. Out-wit-a-Yan-kee."

Her cheek flushed and her heart beat audibly, as she laid me quickly upon the table, saying.

"You, too, are leagued with them, I perceive, so I leave you in your "proper" quarters, "farewell."

And dear Reader—I bid thee also—FAREWELL.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A LAY SERMON, NO. 2.

BY L. D. JOHNSON.

When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are.—MAT. VI. 5.

PRAYER! Are the oily words that roll so smoothly from the lips of yonder beefy-faced parson, prayer? Is the lisping syllabub of yon aristocrat so daintily perfumed with quaint phrases and stilted with sycophantic, hypocritical nonsense, prayer? Must the effective orison ascend from the golden hangings and mohair cushions of a costly pulpit or harmonize with the cumbering of an organ, or the chiming of bells? Does prayer consist in the quantity and quality of verbiage, the distinctness of accent, the smoothness of utterance and appropriateness of gestures? Will the volubility of the tongue, atone for the want of a single feeling or emotion, to thrill and nestle amid the warm pulsations of the heart? Must long, solemn faces; cold-hearted formulas and whining blasphemies, dethrone the tearful eye, the quivering lip, the heaving bosom and the glowing feelings that twine around the life-cords of the soul?

Are the scarce audible whisperings of the young mother above her first born, prayer? Are the beseeching tones and trembling supplications of the father beside his dying daughter, uttered in the agony of his soul with husky tones and eyes blinded with tears, prayer? Are the cries of the stout-hearted sailor, braving the engulfing billows and ocean thunders, or holding gaunt fellowship with untold anguish, week after week on the failing wreck, prayer? Are the cries of the weary pilgrim, as the awful Simoom is upon him, 'mid the trackless sands of Sahara, prayer? Are the holiest feelings of the human heart, rising from the soul to God in the silence of night, when earth sleeps, but heaven watches—are these uprisings of our better nature, prayer? If so, then in the name of heaven what shall we denominate that formal cant, baptized with a tissue of scriptural phrases and labeled as simon-pure, patent gospel devotion?

Prayer is a lever of power that may move the world. Prayer is a crucible that will extract the sweetest elixirs from way-side flowers. Prayer is the key-stone to the arch of happiness. Prayer is a thread that will guide us through life's darkest labyrinth. Prayer is the signet seal that will unlock the wicket of mercy and open the very portals of paradise for our admission. Prayer is the

little nerve that moves the mighty muscles of Omnipotence. Prayer makes the weak man, strong, the poor man, rich, the erring man, pure; it solves difficulties, removes doubt, exterminates sorrow, heals the sick, comforts the dying, the panacea for pain, the antidote for anxiety, a polar star for the fugitive, a light house for the tempest tossed, an oasis in life's desert, a mint of untold blessings, the talisman of human felicity!

Oh! when dark and fearful rolls the tempest's sable car above our earthly hopes and joys—when called upon to quaff the bitter cup of gall and wormwood, sorrow holdeth to the lips—when chilling doubts and gaunt despair affix their vulture beaks within the heart and gorge their hungry maw with blood—when scorned and betrayed by bitter hearts and double tongues—when fountains of the soul dry up and all its tender scions droop and wither for want of dew and warmth—one moment of holy communion—one word of meek repentance and clouds of inky blackness roll away, voices, silver-toned rock us to sleep upon the couch of joy and Hope smiles o'er us with her breath of dreams!

Fulton, N. Y. 1849.

MISCELLANY.

QUIZZING A JEW.

NINE persons sailed from Basle down the Rhine. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampi, was allowed to come on board and journey with them, upon condition that he would conduct himself with propriety, and give the captain eighteen kreutzers for his passage.

Now, it is true something jingled in the Jew's pocket when he struck his hand against it, but the only money there was therein was a twelve kreutzer piece, for the other was a brass button. Notwithstanding this, he accepted the offer with gratitude; for he thought to himself, "something may be earned, even upon the water." There is many a man who has grown rich upon the Rhine.

During the first part of the voyage, the passengers were very talkative and merry and the Jew, with his wallet under his arm, for he did not lay it aside, was the object of much mirth and mockery, as alas! is often the case with those of his nation. But as the vessel sailed onward, and passed Thuringen and Saint Veit, the passengers, one after another, grew silent, and gaped and gazed listlessly down the river, until one cried—

"Come, Jew! do you know any pastime that will amuse us? Your fathers must have contrived many a one during their journey in the wilderness."

"Now is the time," thought the Jew, "to sheer my sheep!" and he proposed that they should sit around in a circle, and propound various curious questions to each other, and he, with their permission, would sit with them. Those who could not answer the questions should pay the one who propounded them a twelve kreutzer piece, and those who answered them pertinently should receive a twelve kreutzer piece.

This proposal pleased the company; and hoping to divert themselves with the Jew's wit or stupidity, each one asked, at random, whatever chanced to enter his head.

"Thus for example; the first asked—"How

many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliath eat upon an empty stomach?"

All said that it was impossible to answer that question, and each paid him twelve kreutzers.

But the Jew said—"One; for he who has eaten one egg, cannot eat a second upon an empty stomach;" and the others paid him twelve kreutzers.

The second thought: "Wait, Jew! I will try you out of the New Testament, and I think I shall win my piece. Why did the Apostle Paul write the second Epistle to the Corinthians?"

The Jew said: "Because he was not in Corinth. Otherwise he would have spoken to them."

So he won another twelve kreutzer piece.

When the third saw that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried him in a different way. "Who prolongs his work to as great a length as possible, and still completes it in time?"

"The ropemaker, if he be industrious," said the Jew.

In the meanwhile they drew near to a village, and one said to the other, "That is Bamlach."

Then the fourth asked: "In what month do the people of Bamlach eat the least?"

The Jew said: "In February; for it has only twenty-eight days."

"The fifth said: "There are two natural brothers, and still only one of them is my uncle."

The Jew said: "The uncle is your father's brother, and your father is not your uncle."

A fish leaped out of the water, and the sixth asked: "What fish have their eyes nearest together?"

The Jew said: "The smallest."

The seventh asked: "How can a man ride from Basle to Berne, in the shade, in summer time, when the sun shines?"

The Jew said: "When he comes to a place where there is no shade, he must dismount and go on foot."

The eighth asked: "When a man rides in the winter time from Berne to Basle, and has forgotten his gloves, how must he manage so that his hands shall not freeze?"

The Jew said: "He must make fists out of them."

The ninth was the last. This one asked: "How can five persons divide five eggs, so that each man shall receive one, and still one remain in the dish?"

The Jew said: "The last must take the dish with the egg, and he can let it lie there as long as he pleases."

But now it came to his turn, and he determined to make a good sweep. After many preliminary compliments, he asked, with a mischievous friendliness: "How can a man fry two trouts in three pans, so that a trout may lie in each pan?"

No one could answer this, and one after the other gave him a twelve kreutzer piece.

But when the ninth desired that he should solve the riddle, he rocked to and fro, shrugged his shoulders, and rolled his eyes. "I am a poor Jew," he said at last.

The rest cried, "What has that to do with it? Give us the answer?"

"You must not take it amiss, for I am a poor Jew." At last, after much persuasion, and many promises that they would do him no harm, he

thrust his hand into his pocket, took out one of the twelve kreutzer pieces that he had won, laid it upon the table, and said, "I do not know the answer any more than you. Here are my twelve kreutzers."

When the others heard these words, they opened their eyes, and said this was scarcely according to agreement. But as they could not control their laughter, and were wealthy and good-natured men and as the Jew had helped them to while away the time from Saint Veit to Schalampi, they let it pass and the Jew took with him from the vessel—let a good arithmetician reckon up for me, how much the Jew carried home with him. He had a twelve kreutzer piece and a brass button when he came on board. He won nine twelve kreutzer pieces by his answers, nine with his own riddle, one he paid back, and eighteen kreutzers he gave the captain. —*Trans. for N. Y. Organ.*

AN UNCALLED-FOR AMEN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Methodist Protestant relates the following story, which is too good to be lost:

A very sensitive preacher, in a certain village not more than a hundred miles from Baltimore, was discoursing, with great warmth, on the uncertainty of human life. To give greater effect to his remarks, after assuring his hearers, that they might die before an hour had elapsed, he said, "And I, your speaker, may be dead before another morning dawns."

"Amen!" was the audible response of a pious and much loved brother in the congregation. The preacher was evidently disconcerted for a moment. He thought the brother had misunderstood his meaning. Pausing awhile he repeated the declaration with still greater emphasis—"Before another hour your speaker may be in eternity."

"Amen!" shouted the brother before him.

It was too much for the sensitive man; and, stammering out a few additional remarks, he sat down before he had finished his discourse.

"Brother—," said the preacher the next day, to his kind hearted friend of the amen corner, what did you mean by saying *amen* to my remarks last night? Do you wish I was dead?"

"Not at all," said the good brother. I thought if you should die, you would go strait to glory, and I meant *amen* to that.

A REMEDY FOR THE CALIFORNIA FEVER.

A FRIEND who has seen some service in camp life, offers to those afflicted with the prevailing epidemic the following prescription:

1st. Sleep three nights in your wood-house with the door open and swinging in the wind, during which time let your diet be pork cooked by yourself at a smoky fire in the garden. 2d. Improve all the rainy nights in sleeping between your current bushes and garden fences. 3d. On the fourth day of your regimen, let the diet be mule steak. 4th. Thereafter dispense with all kinds of food save dog meat.

If this be followed resolutely, it is confidently believed a permanent cure will be effected.

HINTS FOR WISE FOLKS.

When you go to a party, go bare-foot, and put your boots in your hat. You will thus save the polish, and not soil the carpet when you arrive.

When you wish to sneeze, have pluggers, and plug up your nose instantly. If you should split your head by the explosion, you will have proved your regard for good manners, and it is noble to die in the cause of virtue.

When you buy butter, give three loud cheers.—You will thus attract a crowd, some of whom may be better judges of butter than yourself, and you can ask their opinion.

When you take a pew, have the cushion filled with tacks. They are hard to sit upon, but will keep you awake for wholesome instruction.

When you are asked to hold the baby, trot it hard, pinch it and make faces at it when the mother is not looking. You will soon be relieved of the precious charge.

When you have baked beans for dinner, wear green spectacles and become absent-minded. The beans will then seem like green peas.

If you are poor and apt to squander your money do not earn any. A number of lazy people have tried this remedy with great effect.

If you have rich victuals in the house, and wish them to last, give each of the children an emetic.

If you have lost your pig, steal your neighbor's and hide it. He will make search and perhaps find your pig.

Always buy the commonest kind of goods. It is better to be cheated out of a little than a great deal.

If you wish to be happy after marriage, look as homely as you can before it. Wear old, faded clothes, and be generally disagreeable when you go to court your sweet heart. The contrast after marriage will be a perpetual delight.—*Boston Museum.*

WHY DIDN'T YE SAY SO?

"SARAH, take the coffee down stairs and burn it, and be careful to stand over it and turn it well? by the way, does thee understand burning coffee?" said a Quaker lady to a new hand she had just hired.

"Och, sure, mistress, an' did I come all the way from the ould countree, an' not know how to burn coffee? bad luck to it, no indade."

"Very well then, if thee understands it, attend to it properly;" so saying she retired up stairs, leaving the daughter of the Emerald Isle to do the business.

About an hour afterwards, the old lady thinking she smelled something burning, proceeded down stairs, where she found poor Sarah standing over one of the old fashioned grates, puffing and blowing, with the poker in her hand, stirring the coffee in among the coal, as fast as possible.

"Stop, Sarah, stop, why what on earth is thee about? What is thee doing with the coffee in the fire?"

"Shure madam, an' didn't ye tell me to burn it."

"Why, dear me, Sarah, I meant roast it, thee knows. Ob, dear."

"Indade, thin, why didn't ye say so?"

IRISH WIT.

REV. DR. HILL asserts that the Irish are proverbial for wit and originality of tho't the world over, and only want education to make them refined. Illustrative of this point, he says that some years

ago, when the beautiful painting of Adam and Eve was exhibited in Ireland, it became the chief topic of conversation. Finally a poor ragged, illiterate peasant went to see it. The light was so arranged as to reflect on the picture, and leave the spectator at the same time in comparative darkness. The peasant as he entered the room to see his first parents, was struck with so much astonishment, that he remained speechless for some moments. He stood like a statue, and as though his feet were incorporated with the naked floor of the room. At last with an effort, he turned to an acquaintance and said, "Barney, I'll niver say another word against Adam in all my life, for if I had been in the garden I would have ate every apple in it for the sake of such a lovely cratur as Eve."

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

SAID a venerable farmer, some eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him, "I have lived on this farm for more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and never have lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I have made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be any happier, I must have more religion."—*N. Y. Observer.*

A GOOD REASON.

A MAN being overtaken by a shower, sought shelter from the rain in the house of a negro fiddler. On entering, he found the negro in the only dry spot in the house—the chimney corner—as happy as a clam, fiddling most merrily. Our traveler tried to keep dry, but the rain came in from all quarters.

"Jack," said he, "why don't you fix your house?"

"O, cause 'er rain so I can't."

"But why don't you fix it when it don't rain?"

"O, wen 'er don't rain, 'er don't need no fixing!"

A YANKEE OUT-YANKEYED.

Not long since, an auctioneer in this city was selling a superannuated steamboat and her tackle at public sale. "Come said the knight of the hammer, 'what do you say for the lot and tackle? one hundred dollars—one fifty—two hundred—two fifty—'" "I'll give you three hundred dollars for the *hul*," said a keen, grey-eyed Yankee. "It's yours," said the auctioneer; "the terms are cash—down with the dust, as they say in California."

The Yankee forked over; and when he went to claim his steamboat and tackle, he found nothing left but the *hull*—which, alone, the auctioneer contended he had purchased.

A GREAT WORK.

JUDGE BURNET, son of the famous Bishop of Salisbury, when young, is said to have been of a wild and dissipated turn. Being one day found by his father in a very serious humor. "What is the

matter 'Tom?' said the Bishop; "what are you ruminating on?" "A greater work than your lordship's History of the Reformation," answered the son. "Aye, what is that?" asked the father. "The reformation of myself, my lord," replied the son.

HOWLD THE HORSES.

AN Irishwoman, with a young child in her arms got into an omnibus in Washington street, Boston, to ride towards Roxbury, recently; and after having gone a considerable distance, she inquired of a gentleman who sat near her—

"An' can you tell me, sir, if we are anywhere near Barrett's foundry?"

"We are," he replied. She hereupon instantly rose from her seat, and while holding the child, under one arm, she reached up with the other and seized the strap, which led to the driver's box, and pulled away on it with all her might, and the driver brought the horses to a check; but, from some cause, the horses instantly started again, and the old woman again caught hold of the strap, and looking wistfully at the gentleman, said—

"And won't ye plaze, sir, to have the kindness to howld the horses while I get out with the baby?"

POLITENESS.

REV. MR. ——— had travelled far to preach to a congregation at ———. After the sermon he waited very patiently evidently expecting some one of his brethren to invite him to dinner. In this he was disappointed. One after another departed, until the house was almost as empty as the minister's stomach. Summoning resolution, however, he walked up to an elderly-looking gentleman, and gravely said—

"Will' you go home to dinner with me to-day brother?"

"Where do you live?"

"About twenty miles from this, sir."

"No," said the man coloring; "but you must go with me."

"Thank you—I will cheerfully."

After that time the minister, was no more troubled about his dinner.

"IT PLEASES HER."

"JOHN," said his master to him one day, "they really say, that your wife beats you! Is it true?" "Yoy," drawled John with most provoking coolness. "Yoy," responded the master with indignation. "What do you mean, you lout! A great stumping fellow like you, as strong as a steam engine or an elephant, to let a little woman like your wife thrash you! What a blockhead you must be!" "Whoy, whoy," was the patient answer, "it pleases her and it does me no hurt."

A COLORED servant sweeping out a bachelor's room, found a sixpence on the carpet, which he carried to the owner.

"You may keep it for your honesty," said he.

A short time after he missed his gold pencil-case and inquired of his servant if he had seen it.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And what did you do with it?"

"Kept it for my honesty, sir!"

The old bachelor disappeared.

A LAUNDRESS, who was employed in the family of one of our former governors, said to him, with a sigh:

"Only think, your excellency, how little money would make me happy!"

"How little, madam?" says the governor.

"O! dear sir, one hundred dollars would make me perfectly happy."

"If that is all, you shall have it," and he immediately gave it to her.

She looked at it with joy and thankfulness, and, before the governor was out of hearing, exclaimed:

"*I wish I had said two hundred.*"

A good story is told by the Belfast Journal of a college professor, as follows:—

"He was one of your precise men, who measured off sentences as a clerk does choice ribbons. The good professor took it into his head to relieve the monotony of his existence by an aquatic excursion. The boat was unfortunately capsized near the shore, and he was put in a fair way to test the virtues of Priesnitz's theory. He was averse to making any uncouth outcry, and had gone down twice, without saying a word; but just as his occiput was disappearing a third time, he rolled on his back, and blowing like a porpoise, exclaimed, rather louder than usual, '*It is anticipated that some one will extend to me a rope!*'"

CHARGE IT AS SUGAR.—"Mr. Greene," said a tolerably dressed female the other day, entering a grocery in which were several customers, "have you any fresh corned pork?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How much is this sugar a pound?"

"One shilling, ma'am."

"Let me have," she continued lowering her voice, "half a pint of gin, and charge it as sugar on the book!"

To what despicable artifices will men and women resort who have imbibed a love for drink!

The editor of the Arena, published at Killingly, Ct. complains that it is hard work to edit a country newspaper, on account of the lack of local news and incidents. He says he expected to have an original marriage and death for his last paper; but the sudden thaw kicked the wedding into the middle of next week; and the doctor was sick himself and could not visit his patients, so the patient got well—and thus both announcements were lost.

ROUTS.—"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties should be called routs! Why, rout formerly signified the defeat of an army and when all the soldier were put to flight, or the sword, they were said to be routed." "This title has some propriety, too," said Dr. Rennel, "for at these meetings whole families are routed out of house and home."

"Diab, will you take of this butter?" "No I thank ye. I'm a member of the temperance society and can't take anything strong."

FREQUENTERS of concerts in the habit of beating time with their feet, are reminded that the stamp act was repealed many years ago.

RESEMBLANCES.—Some philosopher has remarked, that every animal, when dressed in human apparel resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer.—Tie a few ribbons round a cat, put a fan in its paw and a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. A hedgehog looks like a miser. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Monkeys resemble a good many persons.

A YOUNG lady, returning late from a concert, as it was raining, ordered the coachman to drive close to the sidewalk, but was still unable to step across the gutter. "I can lift you over," said coachey. "O, no," said she, "I am too heavy." "Lord, marm," replied John, "I'm used to lifting barrels of sugar."

A LAD having got into the parlor with some of the neighbors' children, and "kicking up a dust" among the costly furniture, his father gave him a whipping, and then asked him how he relished his playing?

"I liked the play very well" said he "but the afterpiece was intolerable."

VIRTUE is not a mushroom, that springeth up of itself in one night, when we are asleep or regard it not; but a delicate plant that groweth slowly and tenderly, needing much pains to cultivate it, much care to guard it, much time to mature it.

A LADY who was not wholly indebted to nature for her blooming red cheeks, was seen passing up Ann street the other day, with a written label on her back. "*Beware of Paint.*" A mischievous boy had put it there.

LIFE-LIKE.—The Philadelphia Galaxy, says an artist in that city painted a cow and cabbage so natural, that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the cow, commenced eating the cabbage!

"Won't you sing a song sir?" said a lady to her lover, as they were alone one evening. The lover soon commenced the popular air, "I won't go home till morning." And sure enough he didn't.

DON'T BELIEVE IT.—A Benevolent Society down East is said to be engaged in making oil cloth overcoats for whales, to keep them dry in rainy weather.

THE Albany Knickerbocker says it was so cold on Monday that it broke up a marriage that was coming off, the bridegroom's passion being frozen up.

WELL, John, I am going to the east, and what shall I tell your folks?" "Oh, nothing, only if they say anything about whiskers, just tell them I've got some."

COLORS ladies, says on exchange, may be compared to many roses, because they were born to "blush unseen."

How many fond mother's and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion—some "big bug or other"—till both turn sour.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1849.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

ROBERT A. BARNARD, Esq. is appointed Postmaster of this city, in the place of P. Dean Carrique.

MR. CARY MURDOCK, late Cashier of the Hudson River Bank, is appointed Superintendent of the Hudson and Berkshire Rail-Road.

AARON B. S. OTT, Esq. late Teller, was chosen Cashier of the Hudson River Bank, in place of Mr. C. Murdock, resigned.

ALBERT R. HOLMES, Esq. has been chosen Cashier of the Farmers' Bank of Hudson, in place of James Duff, deceased.

THE new Justices' Court was organized on Friday, the 13th inst. Leonard Freeland, Daniel S. Cowles and Henry Miller, Justices, and S. L. Stebbins was appointed Clerk.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

THE LADY'S BOOK for May is before us: it continues to exhibit a favorable view of the industry, talent and taste which are combined in its service. Thinking as we do of the work, we are pleased to learn from a late number, that it still continues to increase in the public regard; and thus, while adding to the numbers of its friends and patrons, extending the measure of its usefulness.

OUR DAGUERRIAN ROOMS.

Who among our citizens have not had their daguerreotype portraits taken!—if there are any that have not, now is the time.

If you would seek in kindred hearts, a fitting place, Then have in style daguerreotyped your face, We have Spencer, Rogers and Mr. Turck. Who'll make of it a quick and faithful work.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. M. Garnavillo, Iowa, \$2.00.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the Hon. John Martin, in Claverack, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boyce, Mr. Frederick Roe, of New-York, to Miss Catharine Martin.

Also at the same time and place, John M. Vincent, of Elyria, Ohio, to Miss Phoebe A. Martin.

With the above marriages we received a parcel of cake, for which the parties concerned, will please except our thanks; and likewise a due share of our best wishes.

At Lower Green River, on the 12th inst. by Rev. E. S. Porter, Mr. James Adams, Principal of the Blooming Grove Academy, Orange county, to Maria H. daughter of Maj. M. M. Tyler.

At Ansterlitz, on the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. Lewis Rider of Hillsdale, to Charlotte, daughter of Mr. James Barnes.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Ira C. Boyce, Mr. William Mitham, of Kalamazoo, Mich. to Miss Ann Eliza Ham, of Claverack.

At Hillsdale, N. Y. on the 7th inst. by L. Johnson, Esq. Mr. Harvey G. Hamblin to Miss Polly Decker, eldest daughter of Mr. John Decker.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 8th inst. Mary, wife of Matthew Rankin, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 16th inst. after a protracted and painful illness which was borne without a murmur, Miss Eliza Vosburgh, in her 4th year.

In Mellenville, on the 20th inst. Miss Susan Philips, in the 18th year of her age.

"Rest, precious dust, till Christ revive this clay, To join the triumphs of the judgment day."

At Stuyvesant, on the 8th inst. Mr. Daniel Hurd, in the 48th year of his age.

At New-York, on the 8th inst. Ann, widow of the late Addison Porter, of Hudson, and sister of Henry Hogeboom, Esq.

In Nantucket, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Sarah Huzzey, widow of the late Tristram Huzzey, aged 92 years.

In New-York, on Sunday morning the 8th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mary C. Dunning, consort of Henry S. Dunning and daughter of Stephen W. Miller, Esq. of Hudson, aged 27 years, 2 months and 13 days.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

TO M. B. G.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

THIS day little Marcia, I've culled the bright flower,
You kissed, when a bud, in your Island-home bower,
This day, the first time my feet they have trod
The quiet recess—or pressed the green sod,
Since you stood by my side, your dear hand in mine,
When you spoke your adieu to each favorite shrine,
Each tree and each shrub, the mound newly made,
Around which, so often we've strayed.
Watched the young tender box, the pink roots so gay,
Which bloomed like yourself in my sight for a day.
My dear little Marcia, how bright was the hour
When you brought unto me my favorite flower.
'Twas the first rose of summer all brilliant and red,
How sweet was your voice, how buoyant your tread,
How bright were your eyes, my own darling one
They gleam on me now as I muse all alone.
I can never forget you, nor cease to adore
The cherub of light, I may never see more—
The Dahlia I've picked—'tis pressed in the book,
In which you so often delighted to look
The one where my scraps were arranged with much care
Where the Sailor Boy wept, o'er his young wife so fair.
The very same page your sweet fingers have pressed,
When you lay in my arms, your head on my breast,
Yes, yes, my loved Marcia, it is there, it is mine,
I worship the flower 'tis an offering divine.
'Tis fragrant and fresh with memory's breath,
It steals o'er my heart, like perfume from the heath.
"I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To blame me for loving" the dahlia so fair?
When your lips my sweet Marcia has hallowed the leaf,
True emblem of life, so brilliant—so brief.
If back my loved child you ever should come,
And I'm far away from my now pleasant home;
When you look 'round in vain for your grandma so dear,
Embalm the loved dahlia with memory's tear.

Sag Harbor, L. I. 1849.

For the Rural Repository.

SUMMER MELODIES.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

[Written at an early age.]

SUMMER, I love thy pleasant melodies,
They banish every care;
The warbling of the feathered tribes,
Which wing the ambient air,
The rushing of the streams, in glee,
Which leap to kiss, the crystal sea.

And sweetly comes on Twilight's wing,
The ringing shout so gay,
And fairy laugh among the hills
Of childhood at its play;
They floating come from Echo's harp,
And wake sweet memories in the heart.

Of in the shadowy hours of night,
When sultry day is o'er,
I dream the silver stars sing sweet
And sweep Heaven's azure floor—
The music of those orbs which burn,
Is doubtless poured from Fancy's urn.

The silvery tingling of the bell
Heard in the early morn,
From the far, snowy flocks which graze
'Mid mountain, fern and thorn
Are, Summer, 'mid those fairy sounds,
Which make my heart with gladness bound,

Ay! pleased I hail thee Summer!
Thy melodies outbreak

From rain-drops 'mid the glossy leaves,
And on the wide, blue lake;
They come with birds of brilliant wing
But wake a lyre of feeble string

For the Rural Repository.

LINES,

Dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Mary C. Dunning, by
Tho's Taylor, Esq.

Why should we mourn for one who dies,
And finds an everlasting rest?
Why should we weep when virtue flies
To happier realms among the blest?

Why should we mourn a loss so great—
To earthly friends, of one so dear?
Why thus deplore her glorious state;
Or shed the unavailing tear?

Two good, too pure to, dwell below;
Too mild, too gentle, here to stay;
Some angel whispered in her ear,
Sister, Spirit! come away.

New-York, April, 9, 1849.

From the Union Magazine.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. C. LOUISE M. MILLS.

He trod the garden—sad and lone—
He, whose whole life was one of pain—
And in His agony He prayed
While sweat-drops fell like summer rain.
Those drops, oh, man! thy life-long tears
Would scarce repay thy trenchery—
And yet He pardons, He who died,
Who suffered to atone for thee!

He trod the garden—those who came
At His command, together slept,
Ay, those whose task it should have been
To wake and weep, no vigils kept!
How sad—how sad! to find the few,
The chosen of His little band,
Slumb'ring thus softly, when His words
Foretold the final hour at hand.

Twice to the sleepers' side He drew,
Rebuking them in gentle tone;
But heavier weighed their eyelids down,
And still He watched and prayed alone.
An hour passed by—He call'd—again—
But no rebuke His words expressed;
"Sleep on," in music strains He said,
"Sleep on, sleep on, and take your rest."

The time had come—the garden fair,
Where that meek sufferer humbly prayed,
Became the scene of strife and blood,
And basely there he was betrayed!
Offending man, strive, strive, with faith,
To make atonement for thy guilt,
For 'twas for thee, and thee alone,
The Saviour's precious blood was spilt.

From the Olive Branch.

SONG TO SPRING.

BY H. D. WHITE.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful
Spirit of spring,
How bland are the joys,
And the blessings ye bring!—
Like the magic of love
To the void of this earth,
Is the wand of thy power,
The song of thy mirth.

Thy swift-gliding hours
On pinions of love,
Like angels of mercy,
In harmony love—
While the chime of the fountain,
The song of the breeze,
Is joined with the worship
Of flowers and trees.

Windham, Me. 1849.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia, Co. N. Y. 1848.